

HOPE.
BY SCHILLER.
How many there are who sing and dream
Of happier seasons coming!
And ever is fancy, to catch a beam
Of a golden era, roaming.
The world may grow old, and young again,
And the hope of a better shall still remain.
Hope comes with life at its dawning hour;
Hope sports with the infant creeper;
Hope cheers up the youth, with her magic power
And when, too, the gray-haired reaper
Has closed in the grave his weary round,
He plants the tree of hope on the mound.
It is not an empty, vain deceit,
In the brains of fools created;
It speaks to the soul of a state more meet,
Where its longings shall all be seated.
And the promise the indwelling voice thus makes
To the hoping soul, it never breaks.

For the St. Louis Christian Advocate.
"He that loveth his life shall lose it, and he that hateth his life in this world, shall preserve it in everlasting life."

If this be made the test, how few of us will preserve ours in everlasting?
How few of us hate our lives so much that we will not engage in amusements, which, if not calculated to turn us back, will by no means make us more mindful of our duty or abhor sin more. He that, like Cranmer, cannot withstand the devil or the Pope, or the world, which is now more powerful, but recants to save his life, shall lose it. But those were severe times to the Christian! What is recantation? Would crime persisted in be such? or would it indicate there was nothing to recant? Would a downright willful falsehood under the most solemn circumstances do? Or would a falsehood upon the highway, in order to save our life, be loving it sufficiently to lose it—if we should like Cranmer, and that eternally? Would a Christian, though he does not love his life much, be justifiable in loving it in this world more than that of an enemy? We believe it is written: "He that loseth his life for my sake, shall find it." How can this apply to us? We rarely see a person under the necessity of losing his life, because he is, and will persist in being a Christian, Christ-like? If then we should take a life rather than give ours, when an enemy desires it, for a real or imaginary evil, we would not be loving it in the sense above. And in losing, we would have no assurance of finding it, as it would not be in His name! But yet it might be, as He says, "He that smiteth thee on thy right cheek turn to him the other also."

Do no murder. Yet this might lead us into as disagreeable a situation as that occupied in the Pennsylvania Assembly, by the Quakers, and out of which they used so much astuteness in getting. It will be recollected that they were opposed to war, and when the king solicited a grant from Pennsylvania to buy powder to defend the colonies, they would not grant money to buy powder, because that was an ingredient of war; but they voted an aid to England to be appropriated to the purchase of wheat and other grain, which could very well mean powder! But He never took life, nor ever encouraged others to do it, how much soever they were oppressed! He freely gave his life to his enemies! Should we be Christ-like as far as there is any beauty in conforming our lives to his? There is certainly something nobly beautiful in offering up one's life to save that of another! But does Christianity mean to be like Christ. To be nominally a Christian is a small matter, and in fact is sought by many as a means merely of temporal interest. But now it fails to carry a very great influence! It is being suspected. For it has failed to such a degree that "candid" men, scorning the hypocrite, would feel they were subjecting themselves to suspicion in putting on this garb. Yet these men, with all their candor, can and do admire the truly pious, whose deeds, conversation and Godly walk prove them to be really such. And as their candor will never take them to heaven, they may look well to it or perhaps share the fate of the hypocrite! Let us who have put on Christ so walk in him, and not give umbrage to the church nor even to enemies. "This is the love of God that you keep his commandments," and they are not grievous. Are they not grievous? Do we take delight in them, and find therein joy and peace? Or do we neglect all but a sufficiency to barely have the appearance of a Christian? Is there so great a contrast between us and the world as to be readily distinguished from it? Do we take a delight in closet prayer, in lifting up our hearts to God, in rejoicing in his love? "Pray without ceasing." Abstain from all appearance of evil." Let us not then love our lives, which have been bought with a price; but rather consecrate them to Him. One of the best ways of proving our love is keeping his commandments and doing good to his children. If these do not appear, then our love will be of little value. "Inasmuch as you did it not to one of the least of these, you do it not to me." "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Oh! may we go having our fruits with us! Oh! may we look on this life as a means, which we will by no means, fail to improve, of laying up crowns of rejoicing in heaven! Let us ever keep our actions, secret as well as public, and our intentions pure; ever asking His assistance and relying upon Him; loving our lives only as a means of serving him.

Columbia, Mo. AMOR.

THE VATICAN.—The word "Vatican" is often used, but there are many who do not understand its import. The term refers to a collection of buildings on one of the seven hills of Rome, which covers a space of 1,200 feet in length, and about 1,000 in breadth. It is built on the spot once occupied by the garden of the cruel Nero. It owes its origin to the Bishop of Rome, who, in the early part of the sixth century, erected an humble residence on its site. About the year 1660, Pope Eugenius rebuilt it on a magnificent scale. In 1665, Clement VII, at the instigation of France, removed the Papal See from Rome to Avignon, when the Vatican remained in a condition of obscurity and neglect for many years. It is now the repository of multitudinous treasures of art.

George G. Cookman.
The following tribute to the late Rev. George G. Cookman, is from the pen of Hon. O. H. Smith, of Indiana, a member of the Presbyterian Church:

"It was Sabbath morning. The last of the city church-bells was ringing as I left my boarding-house on Capitol Hill, at Washington City, for Wesley Chapel. It was quarterly meeting. The preacher had closed his sermon, when there arose at the desk a slender, spare man, about five feet eight, dark complexion, black hair falling carelessly over his high forehead, lean bony face, wide mouth, round-breasted black coat, with velvet falling collar, black vest and pantaloons. Addressing the congregation, he said: 'We desire to take up a small collection for the relief of destitute, worn-out Methodist preachers and their families. We appeal to-day to the hearts of the congregation!' and took his seat. A large collection followed. I whispered to Patrick G. Good, of Ohio, who sat by me, 'Who is that?' 'Don't you know him? It is George G. Cookman.' The next Sabbath I was at the chapel again. Mr. Cookman preached. I returned satisfied that he was no ordinary man. The election for chaplain of the Senate came on a few days after, and, without the knowledge of Mr. Cookman, I privately suggested his name to the Senators around me. The most of them had heard him preach. He was elected chaplain by a decided vote over the Rev. Henry Slicer, against whom there was not the least objection; but we wanted to bring Mr. Cookman more prominently before the public. The next Sabbath he preached his first sermon in the hall of the House, to a very large congregation, from the text, 'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon.' He made a profound impression on his hearers that day, which seemed to increase with every succeeding sermon.

"It is not my purpose to sketch the many sermons of Mr. Cookman during the time he was chaplain of the Senate, the most of which I heard. He was a clear, distinct, and powerful preacher. The remarkable clearness of his mental vision enabled him to see and describe whatever he touched, so as almost to make Paul, Silas, Peter, Mark and John, stand before you as he named them. His tone of voice, as he warmed with his subject, and the tear stealing down his cheek, were irresistible. As a pulpit orator, take him all in all, he had few equals, and no superiors, that I ever heard. There was no place for a choir where Cookman sang. His voice was melody itself. I heard him in the Senate chamber, on the funeral occasion of Senator Betts, of Connecticut. The chamber was crowded. The President, Departments, foreign Ministers, Senators, and Representatives were there. I distinctly recollect one of the figures of speech: 'As the human family come upon the great stage of life, they find at every fork of the road the finger-board distinctly pointing to the grave—to the grave! There is no other road to travel from infancy to old age and death but the road that leads to the grave.' There was not a dry eye in the chamber when he closed his sermon of one hour, and sang alone the single verse of the hymn—

"And must this body die—
This well-wrought frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?"

"The session of Congress was about to close upon the administration of Mr. Van Buren. The inauguration of Gen. Harrison was soon to take place. Mr. Cookman had all his arrangements made to visit England on the steamer *President*. The first dispatch from the new administration was to be confided to his charge. The next Sabbath he was to take leave of the members of Congress in his farewell sermon. The day came. An hour before the usual time the crowd was seen filling the pavements of the avenue, and pressing up the hill to Representative Hall, which was soon filled to overflowing, and hundreds, unable to get seats, went away disappointed. I obtained a seat early in front of the speaker's desk. John Quincy Adams sat in the Speaker's chair, facing Mr. Cookman. The whole space on the rostrum and steps was filled with Senators and Representatives. The moment had come. Mr. Cookman, evidently much affected, knelt in a thrilling prayer, and rose with his eyes blinded with tears. His voice faltered with suppressed emotions, as he gave out the hymn—

"When marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering hosts bestid the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone, of all the train,
Is the star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode—
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark."

"The hymn was sung by Mr. Cookman alone. I can yet in imagination hear his voice, as it filled the large hall, and the last sounds, with their echoes, died away in the dome.

"And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was no place for them.

"And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life, and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works."

"Mr. Cookman was more affected when he gave us the text than I had ever seen him before. He several times passed his handkerchief over his eyes before he began. The first sentences are fresh in recollection. 'When Massillon, one of the greatest divines that France ever knew, was called to preach the funeral sermon of the departed king, in the cathedral at Paris, before the reigning king, the royal family, the chambers, and the grandes of France, he took with him to the sacred desk a little golden urn, containing a lock of hair of the late king. The immense congregation was seated, and the silence of death reigned. Massillon arose, holding the little urn in his fingers, his hand resting upon the sacred cushion. All eyes were intently fixed upon him. Moments, minutes passed; Massillon stood motionless, pale as a statue; the feeling became intense; many believed he was struck dumb before the august assembly; many sighed and groaned aloud; many eyes were suffused with tears, when the hand of Massillon was seen slowly raising the little golden urn, his eyes fixed upon the king, as the hand was returned to the sacred cushion the loud and solemn voice of Massillon was heard in every part of the cathedral, 'God alone is great! So I say to you to-day, my beloved hearers, there is no human greatness, God alone is great!' The subject was the day of judgment. I had heard it preached before many times, but never as I heard it then. The immense congregation was held almost breathless with the most beautiful, sublime, and powerful sermon I ever heard. He spoke of the final separation in the day of judgment, and fancied the angel of the Lord locking the door that opened to the bottomless pit, stepping upon the ramparts, letting fall the key into the abyss below, and dropping the last tear over fallen and condemned man. He closed, 'I go to the land of my birth, to press once more to my heart my aged mother, and drop a tear on the grave of my sainted father. Farewell, farewell! And he sank overpowered to his seat, while the whole congregation responded with sympathizing tears."

The Silence of an Arctic Night.

The following eloquent description of the silence of the Arctic night occurs in Dr. Hay's "Lecture on the Arctic Regions." We have, at least, when eight or nine miles under ground in the Mammoth Cave—seemed to feel the darkness, but we never imagined that other negative attribute of nature—silence—could be so intense as to be heard. Yet the doctor's description makes this strange parody a reality. He says:

"The moonlight of this period (winter) are the most grand and impressive of anything I have ever witnessed. The clearness of the air, the white surface of the snow and ice give an effect monotonous and cheerless, but truly grand. But there is another element which makes this mid-winter moonlight seem almost terrible in its oppressiveness—it is silence.

"I have often, to escape from the trying monotony of ship-board life, gone off six or eight miles in the interior in search of novelty, and in order that I might be alone. There, seated upon a rock or snow bank, I look around me, and see a great uneven country; rocky hills and glaciers covered with snow; myriads of crystal gems sparkling in the light of the pale moon, which shoots its rays down through the crisp air, making it almost as light as day. I look seaward, and see a long plain of ice, melting into the horizon, dotted all over with huge, towering bergs—nothing more.

"All nature is in the repose of death. I am too far from shore to hear the crumbling of the tables as they rise and fall lazily with the tide, or roar like distant thunder as some huge crack opens through the fies. There is no animal to cross my path, no tree among whose stiff branches the wind can sigh and moan. There is no song of bird to enliven the scene—no wild beast to howl. I stand there alone, the sole one of God's living world—the only being that has life or can move. I see, is made by myself; I hear nothing but my own heart, my own footsteps, or now and then the rumbling of the falling snow bank.

"The sensation of utter loneliness and isolation creeps over me. My heart beats as it rushes the blood through the sensitive organization of the ear, I am oppressed as with discordant sounds. Silence has ceased to be negative—it has become sternly positive. I hear, see, and feel it. Its presence is unendurable. I spring to my feet—I plant them heavily in the snow, to drown its presence, and I rush back to the vessel, and glad even to find refuge in its dull, dull life of horrid inactivity."

American Missionaries in Persia.

For twenty years past the missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions have been quietly and successfully engaged in missionary labors among the Nestorians in Persia. The seat of their mission is the province of Oroomiah, where the Nestorians chiefly reside.

During this period the entire Bible has been translated and published by them, as well as many other good and useful books. The language of these publications is that which is commonly spoken by the Nestorians of the present day, a language which had never been written before the missionaries went to those parts.

Schools and seminaries of learning have been established in every part of the provinces, in which many hundreds of Nestorian children and youth of both sexes have been educated. By these means, and through the preaching of the gospel, light, truth, and general intelligence, and moral and religious improvements have been rapidly extending over the Nestorian community, and the missionaries have enjoyed the favor and the gratitude of nearly all the leading ecclesiastics, and of thousands of their people. One fact is sufficient to show the extent to which this is true, namely, that all the schools in Oroomiah have been thrown open to the missionaries, and all the Nestorian Bishops, with one or two exceptions, have been their firm and constant friends. The exceptions referred to are individuals of bad character, being given to open and shameless drunkenness and debauchery. It should further be stated that, from time to time, the Persian Government has expressed the most decided approbation of the labors of the missionaries.

There can be no doubt that the favor with which the missionaries were regarded by these high dignitaries was in a great measure owing to the kind representations and powerful influence of the British Ambassadors who have resided near the Court of Persia. Sir John Campbell, Sir John McNeill, Col. Sheil, and latterly Mr. Murray, have all manifested the kindest feeling towards the men who have been laboring with so much perseverance and self-denial for the intellectual and spiritual improvement of that distant and degraded people, and have always shown the greatest readiness to afford them all necessary countenance and protection.

Thus, for a score of years, the missionaries have been permitted quietly to prosecute their various, peaceful and beneficent labors, having "none to molest them or make them afraid." The present Sadrazan (Prime Minister) of the King, for some reason or other is their enemy.

Most likely, it is because of his general hostility to English influence in the country, the missionaries always being considered as Englishmen, from the speaking and teaching the English language, and being under English protection.

Two years ago a firman was issued, which was intended to fetter all the operations of the missionaries. It prohibited them from teaching females, and virtually from having schools of any kind. They were forbidden to teach the English language to any one, to employ or authorize any native Nestorian to preach, or to send preachers to any other place; and the people were ordered not to attend the preaching of the missionaries. A censor was to be placed over their press, to see that nothing should be printed against the previous religious notions of the Nestorian people; and, to crown all, the two dissolute and abandoned bishops already referred to, were constituted general directors of everything pertaining to the American mission.

Parents are strongly threatened with the severest punishment if they send their children to the schools. Native teachers are fined, imprisoned or beaten, even those who are not actually engaged in teaching; native teachers are also cruelly seized and bastinadoed, sometimes without even the pretence of a fault. Indeed, every individual among the people, who is known as having become enlightened in his religious views, and intelligent under the training of the missionaries, is now a marked man, and liable to suffer

every species of abuse and violence which a vile, capricious and malevolent government agent chooses to inflict.

Fifty village schools, that were doing incalculable good to the Nestorian race, have thus been broken up; the people are forbidden to read the books that have been issued from the mission press; and enlightened and pious Nestorian ecclesiastics are ordered, on pain of imprisonment and the bastinado, not to enter their own churches, and not even to preach to individuals in their own houses. It is impossible to believe that the Persian Government, unaided and alone, has elaborated this clever scheme for the annihilation of the American mission in Oroomiah. In all probability both St. Petersburg and St. Peter's have had to do with it.—*American paper.*

The Missionary Riddle.

The *Religious Telescope* says that this riddle was written in aid of the fund of a London Missionary Society, and is called on that account, "A Missionary Riddle." It will puzzle the brains of the little folks, but if it be looked for in one of the historical books of the Old Testament, it may be looked for in vain:

Come and commiserate
One who was blind,
Helpless and desolate,
Void of a mind;
Guileless, deceiving,
Though unbelieving,
Free from all sin;
By mortals adored,
Still I ignored.
The world I was in,
King Polonius's, Caesar's,
And Tigham Pileser's
Birth-days are shown;
Wise men, astrologers,
All are acknowledged
Mine is unknown.
I never had a father
Or mother; or rather
If I had either,
Alive at my birth;
Lodged in a palace,
Hunted by malice,
I did not inherit
By lineage or merit.
A spot on the earth,
Nursed among Pagans, no one baptized me:
A sponsor I had, who ne'er catechized me:
She gave me the name to her heart that was dearest;
But she looked on me with a cold indifference:
She cast on me never;
Nor a word in my blindness,
I heard from her ever.
Compass'd by dangers,
Nothing could harm me—
By loathen and strangers,
Nought could molest me;
I saved, I destroyed;
I blessed, I alighted;
Kept a crown for a prince,
But had none of my own;
Filled the place of a king,
But ne'er sat on a throne;
Rescued a warrior; baffled a plot;
Was what I seemed not, seemed what I am not.
Devoted to slaughter,
A price on my head,
A king's lovely daughter
Fell from my breast;
Though gently she wept, no fainting with fear,
She never caressed me, nor wiped off a tear;
Never moistened my lips, though parching and dry,
(What marvel a blight should pursue till she die?)
'Twas royalty nursed me,
Wretched and poor;
'Twas royalty nursed me,
In secret I'm sure.
I live not, I die not, but tell you I must;
That ages have passed since I first turned to dust.
This paradox whence? This squallor! This splendor!
Say, was I a king or a silly pretender!
I know the mystery
Deep in my history.
Was I a man?
An angel superior?
A demon inferior?
Solve it who can!

Dr. B.—was raised in the western part of Kentucky. He grew up to man's estate, and entered upon his profession without religion. After he had been in practice some years, it pleased God, in a time of general religious interest, to awaken him to a sense of his sinful condition. He was deeply affected and concerned for his soul, and went to the altar of prayer, soliciting the counsels and prayers of God's people. A large circle of friends were interested in his condition, and prayed for his conversion. Just at this critical point in his history, when the assaults of the adversary are redoubled, and the troubled, unsettled mind is peculiarly liable to be influenced by temptation, a Baptist minister, who was substantially a Campbellite in disguise, visited him, and conversed with him upon the subject which then most interested him. Instead of giving him such advice as his case demanded, and a Christian minister would be expected to give, he set himself to decry the altar and its exercises and advantages, and to persuade him that there was a better way; that what he needed and was to look for, were not repentant sorrow and supernatural aid, but "obedience to the command of God, and to follow his Savior." The bait took, and the subtle poison did its work. He soon shook off his sorrow for sin, stifled his convictions, and determined to substitute his own imaginary obedience for the renewing of Divine grace. Here the first critical point was passed, and passed unfortunately. Subsequently he was "baptized for the remission of sins." Still, all his former views of religion were not eradicated, and he doubtless felt that his condition did not meet the description of the Bible. While in this state of mind, he spent the better part of the day in the family of Rev. Mr.—, a local preacher; and in looking over his books for something to employ his time, he found "Watson's Institutes." Turning to the index, his eye fell upon the words, "The witness of the Spirit," when he exclaimed: "This is just what I want." The local brother, feeling an interest in his welfare, and hoping that the way might open for some profitable conversion, requested him to read the chapter upon that subject aloud, to which he assented, and at once commenced. He had not proceeded far with the discussion when he began to exhibit emotion; as he read on, his voice began to tremble. Struggling with his emotions, and controlling his feelings as far as he could, he still continued to read, his agitation increasing every moment, and showing itself more and more in his voice, which became unnatural and broken. The local brother, seeing that the exposition and argument of the author, applied by the Spirit, were sweeping his foundation from under him, said nothing. By the time the doctor had finished the chapter, he was wrought to the highest pitch of excitement, and, unable to conceal his feelings or control himself, he arose from his seat suddenly, and strode across the room a few times, giving unmistakable signs of distress, and then, hastily throwing off his clothes, he threw himself into the bed, and with a groan, and the exclamation that he was sick, drew the clothes over his head. The local preacher, fearing he might rouse his pride and put him on the defensive, thought it best to leave him to his reflections and the Spirit of God. He retired from the room, and did not interrupt or see him again until the next morning. When they met, he inquired of the doctor what he thought then of the witness of the Spirit, and received the reply that he had settled that matter; that he had "looked the whole subject over, and Mr. Watson must be wrong and

his theory right." And thus the second crisis was passed. The remainder of the narrative is soon told, and is what men observant of the dealings of God with those who quench and resist the Holy Spirit would expect. Years have passed, but the doctor has shown no further interest upon the subject of religion from that day; but pursued Campbellism into spiritualism, and that into infidelity, and is now living utterly unconcerned, so far as man can judge, about the great interests of eternity. The two great crises of his life were passed unimproved, and he lives a monument of the truth that there are critical moments in a man's history, upon the decision and improvement of which depend the interests and destinies of eternity.—*Nashville Christian Advocate.*

Do you pay your Debts?

This is a very plain and pointed question, so that some may regard it as rather rude and personal. Personal, we desire it to be, but rude we do not. We desire it to be personal in such sense, that every person who reads it will ask it himself. We put it then kindly and respectfully to every reader, do you pay your debts?

We ask the question because we think there is need for asking and answering it all over the country. There is with good men, sometimes, an indifference about getting into debt, and then an equal or greater indifference about getting out, that we think needs to be spoken of plainly and clearly, for it is a serious evil. Men who are scrupulous and even chivalrous about their word in other things, are regardless of it here. It would hardly be right, certainly it would greatly offend them, to intimate that they had been guilty of uttering falsehoods, but what name shall we apply to a promise to pay, which is repeatedly broken, and which must frequently be made without any definite expectation of keeping it? Is it telling the truth?

There are men in every part of the country who are in the habit of getting all their necessities on credit, and when the debt is once incurred, it seems to give them but little further anxiety. It lies on, month after month, overlaid with promises to "call and settle," that are never performed. Sometimes these persons are church-members, and in the judgment of charity real Christians. But in their dealings they are so notoriously negligent, that their promise to "call and settle," becomes a mere by-word and jest. They are thus a great stumbling block in the way of the world, with whom honesty and correctness in pecuniary matters is the first and greatest commandment of the law.

We are aware that many persons are really unable to pay their debts, by reason of misfortune or unavoidable poverty. But many use this plea when it does not really belong to them. A little more industry or economy, or self-denial, would remove much of this alleged inability. And in many other cases it is confessedly not for want of means, but because of a mere habit into which the person has fallen. A little more system in managing their affairs, or promptness in keeping things square with the world, would prevent it all, and enable them to make the year meet, not only at the ends, but also along the middle. With others it is mere thoughtlessness. They have many small debts, all of which could be met with the utmost ease, but they are so trifling that no effort is made to meet them. It is only a small bill to a mechanic, or a dress-maker, or a merchant, or a printer, so small that it is not worth attending to. But it is forgotten, that just because of the number of these small bills, the mechanic and dress-maker cannot pay their hands, and have to buy on credit, and therefore at a disadvantage, the necessities of life; and the merchant has his capital frittered away in little fragments, and is unable at last to meet his notes in bank; and the printer, unable to collect the many small sums that are due him, is unable to pay the large ones that he owes to others. These little sums are the leaks in every business, that in the end swamp it and sink it in bankruptcy, unless the profits are such as to counterbalance the losses. To do this the profits must of course be larger than they need otherwise be, and thus those who pay their own debts, have in part to pay for the debts of others. All of this would be saved by simply observing the Bible rule of owing no man anything, or paying what we owe.

St. Paul a Local Preacher.

Not all the time, but once. His stay at Corinth was much in the character of a local preacher. Many of the most useful and pious Methodists are local preachers, and it may be agreeable to consider that the Apostle fell into their ranks for awhile, and how he illustrated the calling.

He wrought at his craft week-days and preached on Sabbaths. Though a scholar, and raised in affluence, St. Paul had a trade—a tent-maker. The Jews had a custom of educating every boy to make his living, as, no matter how rich the heir, fortune might throw him upon his own resources. And they held that the parent who did not thus train up his child, risked a loafer, if not a thief.

In partnership with Aquila and Priscilla, they doubtless carried on a considerable business in Corinth. This required buying and selling, hiring hands, collecting debts and making contracts. As St. Paul was never the man to shirk duty—

we may well suppose him taking his share of all the responsibilities, and "diligent in business." Providing things honest in the sight of all men, he was not ashamed to be seen at work, and to let people know how he got along.

No evidence appears that he lost caste, influence or reputation by all this. So did St. Paul carry on business. Business and religion may go together; and that not only in a quiet country, but in a commercial city of sharp rivalries and competitions—a lesson worthy an epistle to the Church. Ministerial dignity and the cultivation of deep piety compatible with trade. St. Paul for it.

Take care, tent-maker, how you stitch that cloth—no worn-eaten tent-poles or stakes! If you put off a mean job on a customer, it will not be easy to face him in the congregation, next Sabbath; harder still to persuade him. But if he finds you upright in dealings, not overreaching or unreliable, you address him from a strong vantage ground. Your hearers are your neighbors—they know you—and this advantage hath every local preacher like St. Paul.

If his public exercises were confined to Sabbaths, he filled "every Sabbath"; so says the Book: never lay about his shop on that day; no fifth Sunday appointments. Moreover—"he reasoned every Sabbath in the synagogue," found time to prepare. It was a well-studied talk he had ready; worldly cares were not plead in excuse.

No doubt he would have liked to range about Achaia, felt the restraints of business and wished it otherwise. Nevertheless, he managed to get up prayer-meetings and establish a small church at Cenchreae—one of the ports of the rich and corrupt city, a sort of "Natchez under the hill." He had not much aid, either, for Phoebe seems to have been the main pillar there.

What a useful local preacher! Doing more

preaching and church-building than many who have nothing else to do.
Rome has relics of one sort and another; a fragment of the last supper table, a piece of Peter's coat, and even a splinter of the cross—but we should like to see one of those tents well authenticated. A protest against monasticism, and proof that business men can be holy.
St. Paul charged the Christians nothing for preaching; nor will any say it was on the principle—"poor preach poor pay." They got it "freely." They were rich, yet he would receive nothing. He had his reasons. From an independent position, free from suspicion of seeking theirs and not them, he spoke to the Corinthians. How many an itinerant, compelled to submit to being supported by the gospel, has wished for that same independence, and envied his local brother in that thing?

But while St. Paul would receive nothing, he let them know that he waived a right, not a favor. All this time, he urged and insisted on the right of the ministry to a full and cheerful support. He stood off from a great principle, the more clearly to establish it. There was never an insinuation that because he was not paid, others should not be, who devoted themselves to the altar. The local preacher was the true and best friend of the itinerant.

By and by, his spirit stirs to preach the gospel in regions beyond. The Church in Corinth is planted, and he is drawn elsewhere: pulls up his stakes, sells out his stock in trade, and joins the regular work. The Corinthian life is a mere episode; an itinerant before and ever after. And like every true one, he goes up to Conference at Jerusalem, "bound in the spirit, not knowing the things that shall befall him there."

The Needle's Eye and Camel.

"It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven."

There are thousands who read this passage, but receive from it no definite idea. Various explanations have been given of it, none of which ever seemed to us, to convey the true meaning—showing the beauty and force of the figure. All admit that it is impossible for a camel to go through a needle's eye, yet we cannot doubt that some men who are rich will be saved. We have met, somewhere in our reading, with an explanation that we regard as probably the true one, which was this: We are informed by travelers that all the cities of the East are surrounded by high and massive walls. At certain points these walls have passways for the exit and entrance of the inhabitants. The passageways, in times of peace, were open in the day, but closed at night. By the side of these large entrances were those that were much smaller, used by foot-passengers and by those who had occasion to go in or out at night—they were called the "needle's eye." A camel, without any burden, can pass through these, yet with much difficulty. Now, it is not impossible for a rich man to enter heaven for we trust that there are many already in the paradise of God, who consecrated their wealth to the service of Christ, and looked to Him alone for salvation. But just as the camel must be relieved of his load before he can pass through the "needle's eye," so the rich man must lay off of his heart the riches of the world, and consecrate them, as well as himself, to the service and glory of God. For it is utterly impossible to serve him and mammon. It is much easier for a camel to go through the "needle's eye." What then, will become of those professors whose hearts are set on this world. Worldly-minded, money-loving Christians, we leave you to ponder this solemn question. It is one of deep and eternal importance to you.

A Lesson.—Charles Lamb—who has not heard of "gentle Charles?"—was much addicted to the wine-cup. Hear his solemn warning; heed it ye who can:
"The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth to whom the flavor of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a drear thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and passive will—to see his destruction and have no power to stop it, and yet feel it all the way emanating from himself; to see all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not be able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own ruin; could he see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for the night's repetition of the folly, could he but feel the body of the death out of which I cry hourly, with feeble outcry, to be delivered—it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation.

"O, if a wish could transport me back to those days of youth, when a draught from the neat, clear spring could slake my heat which summer suns and youthful exercise had power to stir up in my blood, how gladly would I turn back to the element, the drink of my childhood, and of childlike, holy heroism!"

GEN. CASS ON SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.—The venerable patriot and statesman, Gen. Cass, having been invited to address the Michigan State Sunday-school Convention, thus writes:
"It will afford me pleasure to accept your invitation. I appreciate the importance of our Sunday-schools, and I consider their institution among the most valuable and efficient means of religious improvement that have come in our day to encourage the noble efforts which are making to ameliorate the moral condition of the world. And no reflecting man can look abroad upon the dangerous and delusive vagaries which, under the name of religion, take possession day by day of the hearts and minds of men, leading to individual and social depravity, without being deeply impressed with the importance of zealous and concentrated exertions to check this great and threatening evil. And it can best be effectually checked by training the youthful mind in the knowledge of God and the truths of His revelation. Standing on this vantage ground, the battle may be fought and won. And I, for one, believe the contest to be the most momentous which society has ever been engaged in, and the Sunday-school tuition of the youth an assured means, under God, of effectual success. So believing, my prayers and best wishes are with you."

SECRET RELIGION.—God is often lost in prayers and ordinances. "Enter into thy chamber," said He, "and shut thy door about thee." "Shut thy door about thee" means much; it means—shut out not only frivolity, but business; not only the company abroad, but the company at home; it means—let thy poor soul have a little rest and refreshment, and God have opportunity to speak to thee in a still small voice, or He will speak in thunder. I am persuaded the Lord would often speak more softly if we would shut the door.—*Cecil.*

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